

SANITARY ALPHABET.

As soon as you rise, shake blanket and sheet.
Better be barefoot than to sit with wet feet.
Children if healthy are active not still.
Damp beds and damp clothes will both make you ill.
Eat slowly, and always chew the food well.
Freshen the air in the house where you dwell.
Garments must never be fitted to tight.
Homes should be healthy, and airy, and light.
If you wish to be well, as you do, I've no doubt.
Just open the windows before you go out.
Keep your kitchen and rooms always tidy clean.
Let dust on the furniture never be seen.
Much illness is caused by want of pure air.
Now, to open your windows be ever your care.
Old rags and old rubbish should never be kept.
People should see that their floors are well swept.
Quick movements in children are healthy and right.
Remember the young can not thrive without light.
See that the cistern is clean to the brim.
Take care that your dress is all tidy and trim.
Use your nose to find if there be a bad drain.
Very sad are the fevers that come in its train.
Walk as much as you can without feeling fatigue.
Xerxes could walk full many a league.
Your health is your wealth, which your wisdom must keep.
Zeal will help a good cause, and the good you will reap.

Chameleon Like.

"Saidee."
"At your service, Sir Wilfred."
From the gay worsteds she was sorting, she looked up with a mischievous expression befitting her words, yet underlying it a goodly measure of the rare tenderness that only a woman's face can wear.
Her's seemed a strange face for a lover to frown upon; but frown he did—unhandsomely, emphatically.
"I am in no mood for jesting, Saidee," he continued, glumly, "nor probably will you be, when I tell you that what we have so long debated must be decided between us now."
The sunny smile died from her countenance; the rare tenderness seemed but the rarer for its gravity.
"I am so sorry, Wilfred," she answered softly; "I so hoped you would see its impossibility and agree with me."
He could not read how she loved him, but he read something else now in look and tone—something that momentarily banished the frown and paled his handsome face. With a passionate impulse he arose, and, crossing over to where she sat, took her hands in his, and gazed down into her brown eyes long and steadily.
"Saidee, do you care at all for me?" he asked, finally.
"Do I care for you, Wilfred?" she murmured, reproachfully, yet with the rapture of his touch reflected in her face. "Do I care for you? Oh, how can you ask me that, when you know that there is only you—only you in the whole wide world for me!"
His hands fell; he turned away from her impatiently, with a bitter smile.
"If I am all the world to you, Saidee, you certainly have a strange way of showing it. Your words are pretty, but they do not weigh at all with me. If you would have me believe you, come and promise to obey me as a woman should the man she loves."
He extended his arms toward her as he spoke; there was a look on his face she could not mistake. She knew it would be the last, time but still she took no step forward; she simply stood terrified, appealingly gazing up at him.
"Wilfred—"
He was frowning again, now deeper than before.
"I know what you would say, Saidee," he interrupted, "and it is only a waste of words. As I said before, your words have no weight on me; it is enough for me that you are ready to have me go to-morrow, we might as well say good-by."
She had not taken her eyes from his face, and he still looked back at her, steadily, relentlessly. At his last word she shivered, a death-like pallor spread over her countenance, and she answered brokenly:
"Wilfred—"
He did not interrupt her now; he bent forward with conscious eagerness for her words. His own were honest, but he felt certain of their effect; he did not doubt that in this decisive moment, he would gain her to his will. She would surely not let him go; she was about to yield to him, to say that there could be no good-by between them; that sooner than this, she would abjure all and follow him. And so he bent forward for the answer, eagerly, with a certain hope.
"Wilfred, if you so will, you must go, but I can never say good-by to you."
That was what she said, brokenly, tenderly, yet with the gentle firmness that had so startled him just now.
"If you so will you must go."
A moment he stood regarding her, shaking with pain and disappointment; a momentary passion swayed him; a fleeting, wavering im-

pulse, but he quickly crushed them down.
"I will do so, Saidee," he replied with scornful emphasis; "and since you object to good-bye, let us make it good-afternoon."
This was their parting so he left her, striding out and past the window by which she sat.
"And this is the end of it all," she murmured; "when he knew how I love him, when he knows how I would die for him. Oh Wilfred! my love, my dearest, how could you leave me so!"
It was not strange that that other time should rise vividly before her; that day six months ago, when, in this very room, in the first blissful realization of their mutual passion, he had fallen on his knees before her, and solemnly affirmed that, come what would, no power on earth should ever separate him from her.
"If ever a woman was sure of a man, Saidee, you are sure of me!"
What music the words were, though neither of them could foresee and the sore test that awaited them. All seemed bright ahead; they were to be married in six months' time, and she was to go away with him to Brazil, where he had secured a government appointment.
There seemed no need of the passionate protestations, the solemn oath of this fond lover; their truth was to be tried. In the fifth month of their engagement, Aunt Ruth—of whom Saidee was a special pet and protegee—was thrown from her carriage and received injuries which, though it was not believed they would prove fatal, left her in a very critical and apprehensive state.
True, the wedding day was named and Wilfred must go: true, there were loving hearts besides Saidee to care for poor Aunt Ruth, but it seemed to her tender nature most a crime to leave her, at least, until danger was positively past. And when, one morning, the old lady drew down the fair face to hers, and whispered, imploringly, "You will not leave me, pet, while there is a doubt of my getting well?" she promised unhesitatingly that she would not.
Perhaps if she had known Wilfred Hare better, she could not have promised so readily. But she knew him only as the tender lover, the man who had sworn that, come what would, no power on earth should ever separate him from her. It could be easily settled, she thought; he, as she, would feel very sad and disappointed, but he, as she, must see the impossibility of her going now. They could be married, and, as soon as Aunt Ruth was out of danger, she would go to him.
All this in full trust and faith she confided to Wilfred Hare. She was ill prepared for the reception her words met, the imperious workings of this man's will. What right had she, without consulting him even, to make a promise to any one that conflicted with her own to him? His love gave him the right to command her; if she loved him she would obey. She must marry him and go away with him, else their present relations must cease.
"I am so glad," she said softly, "that I am not one of those who think a perfect object is necessary for loving; I do not think a perfect object is a test of love. I am not blind; Wilfred is very tyrannical, selfish, very, very unkind, but, as never till to-day have I fully realized it, so never has he been so dear to me."
This realization awoke a tender resolve.
"I can never let him go away so; I must prove to him how dear he is and must ever be to me."
From this came the tender note that found its way next morning to Wilfred Hare—
"I cannot let you go away, dear, without one little word. I know you are angry with me, and I am very, very unhappy, for never since our engagement have I loved you as to-day. My little word is that I must always, always love you, and that I will never marry any man but Wilfred Hare. Perhaps some day you will understand and forgive me, and then you will be glad to think of this."
Very sadly she dropped the tender little note in the mail-box, very drearily she went back the familiar road to her home.
So absorbed was Saidee, that she did not see the man walking ahead, who suddenly turned and paused, as if awaiting her. She started as she drew closer and perceived him, her first impulse was to flee; she shrank from the sad face that she felt now was so like hers.
But it was to late. He had retraced his steps to meet her and was now walking at her side.
"Saidee," he said softly, "there are not many days now. Do not send me away from you."
He made no effort to cloak his tenderness, either in word or look. He had loved her from the happy time when as children, they had walked this road together; she knew it, and

it had once been the great sorrow of her life that she could not return this love.
Despite the sting of his words, there awoke in her heart a pity for him, such as she had never known before; a wild, regretful longing that she could not have loved him; a sudden, strange realization that she had wasted her affection, that this man's stanch, loyal heart was worth a hundred such as Wilfred Hare's.
This last she battled quickly down not so the pity or the longing. Strangely moved, scarcely knowing what she did, she placed her hand on his arm, and answered, gently:—
"There will be many, many days for us to walk together, Mark!"
He could but have a presentment of her meaning, so sadly earnest was her tone.
"What do you say, Saidee?" he asked, with pity for her, and a joy he could not repress mingling oddly in his look and tone.
"That I am not going to be married, Mark—that is, not yet awhile. Wilfred is angry with me; but I must not tell you—I do not know why I so forgot myself. It is only that I am to stay with Aunt Ruth for the present—that is all, Mark."
She truly said she did not know why; she felt a very traitress, thus openly to blame Wilfred Hare. She did not realize, poor Saidee! how pleasant Mark Vale's devotion had suddenly become to her—how plain she was making this.
But he could not see. He walked on beside her silently, little dreaming he was aught to her to-day beyond what he had been before. Never had life seemed so dreary to Mark Vale—not even that black morning when he learned she was to marry Wilfred Hare. Then his unselfish soul found solace in the thought that she was happy; now he stood in presence of her misery—he, who, had he the power, would not have permitted the winds to blow roughly on her—and could not save her its least pang.
He understood Wilfred Hare better than she; it would have been easier, perhaps, to resign her to another man. It was not strange, that in this hour, realizing his own loyalty and tenderness, he should rail at justice as the veriest of myths.
The days passed slowly, drearily, to Saidee; with each, her love for Wilfred Hare, growing deeper, her grief sharper—more unendurable.
"Come what will, no power on earth shall separate me from you."
Morn, noon and night these words came back to her, and with them a hope to feed upon. Surely all would be right, she thought. He could not give her up; he was only angry with her; he would come to understand and forgive her, and then all would be well again.
These were uneventful days, till, one morning, the news was brought to Saidee that Aunt Ruth could not live; that, contrary to expectation, the peculiar troubles that had resulted from her injuries were developing fatally. Her gentle heart smote her, for often, often, this latter time, she had regretted her promise; in her anguish, wish she had broken it. A while, remorse banished all else from her thoughts; but love is a mighty king, and poor Aunt Ruth had not been long under the sod ere it regained the mastery.
He would surely write, now that Aunt Ruth was dead; he would surely understand.
So she was musing one twilight, when there came a knock at the door, and a letter was handed to her. At the sight of the familiar writing she could not repress a rapturous cry, despite the presence of the new servant, who knew nothing of Wilfred Hare; her trembling fingers could scarcely break the seal. And when she did—
Only a wedding-card, the little note she had written him, and the line:—
"It is but right I should restore to you your pledge."
Wilfred Hare had proven himself.
She read it, she broke into a fit of hysterical laughter, and then, not knowing what she did, she dropped it, and went down and out over the lawn, far into the maple grove. Looking ahead dreamily, she saw Mark Vale coming toward her. He had heard of this; he was coming vaguely, with only the thought that he must comfort her.
She waited for him, she stretched out the hand which still held the card with a dreamy smile.
"Mark," she said "did you know Wilfred was married? Did you know—"
She could say no more, the full reality had broke.
He had endured much, he could not endure the look on her face. With a sudden, uncontrollable impulse, he threw his arms around her and drew her to his breast.
"Oh, Saidee! I forgive me, forgive me, but I cannot see you so!"
So cried Mark Vale quite terrified at his act, striving vainly to loose his arms. To his surprise she did not resist him. He even fancied she clung to him.

"Do not send me away!" a voice floated up to him. "I have only got you to love me, and I know you love me very much."
Was this a delusion, or was she mocking him in her despair?
"Saidee," he murmured, bewilderedly, "do you mean that—that you could marry me?"
He was all she had. Hers was a nature to crave a prop; it seemed to her that moment, that never a love was so sweet to woman as Mark Vale's was to her.
"I loved Wilfred," she answered, brokenly. "But I have lost love, and I must have love or my heart will break. Dear Mark if you can love me so, I will be a good wife to you."
"Saidee!"
With the one word wherein lay his soul, he drew her gently, almost reverentially, closer to his madly-beating heart.
And so he married her, and he is content. For she never repulses him, his love seems always sweet to her, and sometimes, of her own will, she comes and, twining her arms about his neck kisses him tenderly.

Amber in the Baltic Province.

Some very interesting researches have recently been made on the flora of the amber-bearing formations of East Prussia by Messrs. Goepfert and Menge. In ancient times there must have been in this part of Europe a group of conifers comprising specimens from almost all parts of the world. Among the splendid specimens of the California conifer were the redwood, the sugarpine and the Douglas spruce; and of the example of the Eastern States were the bald cypress, red cedar, thuya and the pinus rigida; from the eastern coasts of Asia were the Chilian incense cedar, the parasol fir, the arbor vitae, the glyptostrobus and the thuyopsis; and the Sooton fir, the spruce and the cypress of Europe and the callitris of Southern Africa. It appears that the deposits of amber for which the Baltic is noted are the product of generations of these resin-bearing trees. The richest deposits are situated along a strip of coast between Memel and Dantzig, though the real home of amber has been supposed to lie in the bed of the Baltic, between Bornholm and the main land. It rests upon cretaceous rocks, and consists chiefly of their debris, forming a popular mixture known as blue earth, which appears to exist throughout the province of Samland at a depth of 80 to 100 feet, and to contain an almost inexhaustible supply of amber. Immense quantities of amber are washed out to sea from the coast or brought down by rivulets and cast up again during storms or in certain winds. The actual yield by quarrying is 250,000 to 300,000 pounds a year, or five times the quantity estimated to be cast up by the waves on the strip of coast above mentioned.

Sanitary.

The London *Lancet* thinks that if children would wear woollen next the skin, and wear longer clothing, suspending it from the shoulders, we would hear more of boisterous health and less of backaches and pains.
Hard corns may be treated as follows: Take a thick piece of leather or felt; cut a hole in the centre. Upon going to bed at night fill the hole in the centre with paste made of soda and soap; wash it off in the morning. Repeat the same process several nights and the corn will be removed.
A VEGETABLE DIET.—A vegetarian reports the result of his year's experience without meats. At first he found the vegetable insipid, and had to use sauces to get them down. As soon as he became accustomed to the diet all condiments were put aside except a little salt. The desire for tobacco and alcohol left him spontaneously. Then all his digestive functions became regular, and he found himself wholly free from headaches and bilious attacks. After three months a troublesome rheumatism left him; and at the end of the year he had gained eight pounds in weight. He believes he can do more mental labor than before, and that all his senses are more acute. For breakfast he has brown bread, apples and coffee; dinner consists of two vegetables, brown bread and pie or pudding; for tea he rejoices in bread and jam, with milk and water, and for supper bread, jam, cold pudding, and, as a luxury, boiled onions. Eggs, milk, butter and cheese are used only in very small quantities. The dietist is a doctor, and his statement is drawing out many similar ones from medical men.

—The price of gas in English and Irish cities, per 1000 feet, is as follows: Dublin, 90 cents; Belfast, 90 cents; Plymouth, 60 cents; Leeds, 44 cents; Carlisle, 60 cents; Manchester, 64 cents; Birmingham, 56 cents.

Common Words Mispronounced.

Illustrate—il-lūs-trāte, not il-lus-trāte.
Immobilize—im-mob-il-ize, not im-mobil-ize.
Implacable—im-plā-ka-ble, not im-plāk-a-ble.
Impotent—im-po-tent, not im-po-tent.
Improvise—im-pro-vize, not im-pro-vice.
Indiscretion—in-dis-kresh-un, not in-dis-kre-shun.
Indissoluble—in-dis-sō-lu-ble, not in-dis-sōl-u-ble.
Industry—in-dūs-try, not in-dūs-try.
Inquiry—in-kwe-ry, not in-kw-ry.
Inveigle—in-vē-gle, not in-vā-gle.
Irate—i-rāte, not i-rate.
Irrational—ir-rāsh-un-al, not ir-rā-shun-al.
Isolate—is-o-late, not i-so-lāte.
Itch—itch, not ēch.
Ingenious and ingenious—vastly different in meaning, are often absurdly confounded.

Jottings.

ANOTHER APPEARANCE.—On Saturday night last W. B. Brooks, of Phelps, N. Y., discovered a singular object in the constellation of Draco. He was not certain as to its real character, but on Monday night Prof. Lewis Swift, Director of the Warner Observatory at Rochester, N. Y., verified it by means of the large Warner telescope as being a comet. It is quite large, nearly round, and moving slowly westward. Mr. Brooks received a special prize of \$250 from Mr. Warner some two months since, and if there is no prior claimant, will be entitled to the \$200 prize on the present discovery.
THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK continues to improve notwithstanding the croaking we are constantly hearing in interested quarters. Legitimate business is larger and increasing, though not at rates favoring speculation.
Some excitement has been started by recent statements of injury to the corn crop by frost, but these fears are in no real danger of fulfillment. It is possible that in the higher latitudes of New England, New York, and the near northwest, there may be injury to a limited extent, but the corn is too far advanced to be largely injured from this cause in the present stage of its advancement towards maturity.
Every one knows that injury to plants is occasioned by the partial congelation of dewy deposits on the surface injured. Now, any one who knows a corn stalk when he sees it, knows that in its present stage the dewy deposit is on the blades above the ear, not on the ear itself, consequently the blades only, if anything, would be nipped, not the grain; but even if the deposit was upon the ear, it would touch its husky cover, not the grain itself, which is so protected by the husk as to be uninjured by any frost above the freezing point. If the grain be frozen when in its milky state, injury would, of course, result, but that cannot be possible by any weather we have yet had south of the Canada line.
Besides this the great corn belt of our territory is below the southern line of New York, and we have not had a temperature there below 40° even in deep valleys.
We are thus particular, endeavoring to show that injury now is a speculative bug-bear, gotten up to affect the markets, nothing else. The cotton supply is better than was anticipated a few weeks ago, provisions are nowhere scarce. The iron supply is just what the demand makes it; and in financial centres, money is abundant, and for legitimate business demands, easily obtainable, what then is to be really feared? What? — *Bryn Mawr, Pa., Home News.*

Drift.

—Canada has imitated Delaware and now has a whipping-post.
There are 15,000 mortgages on record in Linn county, Oregon.
—A Hot Springs man, who could never afford to take a newspaper, mortgaged his house to buy two more dogs.
Some good Methodists in Bridgeville, N. Y., are unwilling that their meeting house spire shall have a bell which was paid for by money raised at societies where there was dancing to the ungodly music of a fiddle.
—The Cincinnati *News Journal*, having probably canvassed the town declares that if it were put to vote to-day two-thirds of the fashionable society of Washington, male and female, would vote for a monarchy and titles and stars and garters.
—The idea that lightning is not so destructive as it used to be in the United States, because the network of railroads and telegraph wires lessens the number of accidents, is met by the record of the summer. Fatal thunderbolts have never been more common.
—A bill to create the office of Lieutenant Governor is now before the Legislature of Georgia. The recent death of Governor Alexander H. Stephens in office brought up the

necessity for such for an officer to fill the remainder of the term without the cost and disturbance of a special election.

—The Rev. A. P. Happer, D. D., figures out a steady decrease in the population of China. He says the present number of inhabitants cannot exceed 300,000,000. Chief among the causes of the diminution is opium. He believes the population of India will soon exceed that of China, the latter ceasing to be the most populous country on the globe.

—The sweeping of Paris' streets, according to the latest official returns, costs 5,234,000 francs. The number of persons employed in the work is 3016, including 820 sweepers, 2010 "auxiliary sweepers" and 186 foremen. The sweepers receive 100 francs a month, and the auxiliary sweepers 30 centimes per hour. The total cost of maintaining, cleansing and repairing the roadways is 8,402,000 francs a year, and of the pavements and crossings 1,265,000 francs or 9,767,200 francs altogether.

—New York furniture dealers, discussing the passage of an act for the protection of dealers who sell on the installment plan, say that were the installment plan abolished business would fall off 50 per cent., and it would also be the means of delaying many marriages and preventing some. When Bendall & Co. began selling on this plan in 1864 the matrimonial market began to boom. Marriage have increased with the increase of this business. A young couple, the male half of which receives only \$10 a week, can't afford to go to boarding. But how can they go to housekeeping without furniture? They solve the problem by paying a small amount to a dealer who does business on the installment plan. — *News.*

Domestic Animals.

Their Intelligence, Affection and Reasoning Faculties.

A DOG'S GRATITUDE.—A few months ago a vagrant dog applied for admission at the Stafford residence on Cedar avenue. Stafford was in favor of driving the tramp canine hence, but his son, a boy 14 or 15 years of age championed the dog's cause and begged of his father to allow the dog to remain, which was agreed to. The dog seemed to realize that young Stafford was his friend, and he became very much attached to the boy and would follow him about all day. About a week ago the boy was driving along Gidding's avenue, the dog yelping in a friendly manner along by the buggy, the horse going at a pretty good jog. All at once the horse whipped the lines out of the boy's hands with its tail and dashed down the street on a full gallop. The dog instinctively realizing that the boy was in danger, ran to one side and caught the lines, which were dragging on the ground, in his teeth, and struggled to stop the runaway horse. It is claimed that scores of persons saw the horse drag the dog along the ground 30 or 40 rods, the dog clinging to the lines with his teeth and finally stopped the horse by pulling it to one side of the street against a telegraph pole, where the blacksmith at the corner of Dean street ran out, secured the horse, and unlocked the dog's firm grip from the lines. The boy escaped unhurt, but the dog was bruised and bleeding.

EXTRAORDINARY ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.—Very few persons are aware of the fact that the education of animals to perform tricks is much better accomplished in this country than in any other. The following little incident is related as illustrating to what a remarkable degree the reasoning powers of the elephant may be brought out, as well as showing the control experienced animal trainers have over these big brutes. A medium sized Asiatic elephant with the Barnum and London shows has been taught to perform the following: Dressed as a clown, with the typical white felt hat perched jauntily on the side of his head, he is brought on the elevated stage, and mounting a strong barrel, he rolls it backwards and forwards with his four feet. He then takes a chair, sits it before a table, upon which is placed a bell, rings the bell, orders dinner, eats it, drinks it, wipes his mouth with a big napkin, fans himself with a palm leaf fan, stands on his hind legs, on his forelegs, on his head, lies down, sits down on the ground, rolls over, gets up, holds on his trainer on his head, goes forward, backward, sideways, nods "yes" or "no," seesaws on a plank, plays an organ, walks on bottles, takes off his clothes with his trunk, rolls a tub with his nose, sets it on end, sits on it, and many other funny things, closing by pushing his keeper off the stage. All this is done without one word being spoken. Many of the other elephants with these big shows are trained to perform surprising tricks, most of which show remarkable powers of memory and intelligence. There are many other animals trained to perform wonderful feats in these shows, besides the elephants.